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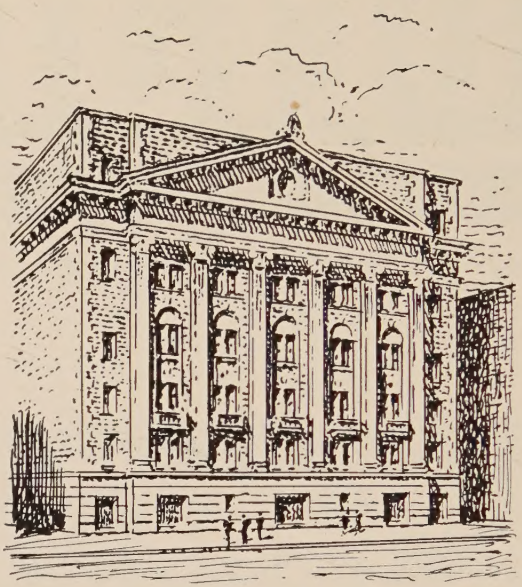
SEPTEMBER, 194

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THERE is only one cure for evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day, he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. The remedy is to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos. Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.—*Thomas B. MacCaulay.*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIII **September, 1946** *Number 6*

Opening Service

35th YEAR

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence at Sheridan Road

Sunday, September 15th, 1946

11:00 A. M.

REV. PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D., Pastor

✦ ✦ ✦

Service Broadcast by WJJD
23rd Year of Continuous Broadcasting

✦ ✦ ✦

Let us welcome Dr. Bradley home with a great congregation

✦ ✦ ✦

Church School of Religious Education
Opening Sunday, September 15
9:30 a.m.—Jack E. Kolinen, Supt.

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule
Beginning September 15th

WJJD—Sunday morning 11:00
WLS—Every morning, Monday through Friday 10:30
WGN—Every evening, Monday through Friday 6:00

Welcoming-Home Dinner For Dr. and Mrs. Bradley Tuesday, Sept. 24th

Two servings: 6:30 p.m.—7:30 p.m.

Tickets $1.25

Kindly purchase in advance that all may be well served

The Men's Club and the Woman's Club of the church are cooperating to make this one of the finest homecomings the church has ever accorded their pastor and his wife.

Dr. Bradley will be entering on the Thirty-fifth year of his pastorate in the Peoples Church. The members of the church and of the various organizations of the church wish to make it a memorable year.

All the members and friends of the church and those who would like to become members are cordially welcome to join in celebrating this homecoming event.

Get your tickets from the church office (Lon. 6878) 941 Lawrence Avenue, or from any member of the Men's Club or Woman's Club.

REMEMBER THE DATE—Tuesday evening, September 24th.

✦ ✦ ✦

Net proceeds from this dinner will go toward new kitchen equipment for the church.

"A TIME FOR GREATNESS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
June 9, 1946

THE first Sunday of July, 34 years ago, I preached my first sermon in the People's Church, and with the service today, June 9, 1946, we have finished 22 years of continuous broadcasting. It is now the second oldest continuous church broadcast in the United States and the *oldest* continuous church broadcast in the United States *west* of the city of Pittsburgh. One church, the Shadyside Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, was on the air three months over KDKA before the People's Church went on the air for the first time over WQJ. So in our closing summer service, we are observing a very conspicuous event in the life of our broadcasting, its 22nd anniversary.

This is also our final service before we separate for the summer. Now, any one of these events would be of sufficient importance and interest to me to spend all the time at my disposal in speaking to you of what they mean to me: obviously, I cannot do that. I know that on an anniversary occasion it is quite customary and traditional to go back across the years and to make live again years that in the accumulation make an anniversary possible. Even that, I shall not do this morning. Thirty-four years is, of course, a long, long time in anyone's life and when I look back 34 years ago now and realize how much more I knew . . . in those days I thought I knew just about everything there was to know about everything. I thought I knew what was the matter with the world, and with government, religion, politics, everything . . . I am not so sure today after 34 years that I know what is the matter with anything. I suppose that is one of the things maturity does, but I never remember the time when I did not want to be a preacher, from the time I was a little boy and would gather my childhood and school boy friends and my sister would get her friends in the first and second grades of school and we would then go up to our little village cemetery, where I was just a few days ago. In that cemetery there was a tombstone that had an open Bible on the top of the tombstone, and in our church the minister always had an open Bible before him, and as a little boy that open Bible fascinated me, as he would turn those great big pages in church, so this Bible in marble on this monument intrigued me. I thought "There is a pulpit!" and as a little boy I used to stand behind that monument up on the first ledge and pretend that that was my pulpit, and my sister would make the youngsters sit down on the grave in front of me, and maintained order while I preached the sermon.

Well, I have preached many sermons since then to dead people, but from those early memories until today, I cannot remember when I did not want to be a preacher. All my life I wanted to do just what I am doing now, and just what I have been able to do for these past 34 years, and there is something triumphant and beautiful about that, isn't there? Thirty-four years of doing the work that you love best to do! How happy and grateful I should be, shouldn't I? I am. I have not words to express how grateful I am for every hour of it all. O, there

have been heartaches, anxieties, troubles, defeats, betrayals, unkindnesses, tears, sleepless nights, anxieties about our building, worry, constant and ever increasing demands placed against me, sometimes by people who have no obligation from me, asking one sometimes to do the impossible, challenged if you do not do the impossible, facing self-interest, the little animosities and jealousies of life, standing beside the dead, holding my hands over the clasped hands of young people in the sacredness of wedlock, putting my hands upon the heads of your little children in dedication and christening, standing beside the bedside in sickness and operating rooms. . . . O, what a rich, full, beautiful thing it has all been, to have had the affection, the esteem, the respect of my, and your, beloved Church! Beautiful. I must not fail you now in whatever years there are left to me and you, to be together.

Coming to this Church in 1912, you can easily recall, those of you who go back chronologically to that hour, the spirit of that day. I was only here two years when the world started to smash up, a young man, idealistic, full of dreams, believing in a world of peace, respecting every man's religion and race, trying to understand the problems and difficulties of others, and then in 1914 the world started to smash, and it is still smashing! Thirty-two years in this pulpit in an abnormal world I have had to carry this message which characterizes and punctuates every utterance I have given straight through the era of continuous inter-related war. I, and the world, have had no peace since the first Sunday in August, 1914. Not a youth born in America since 1914 has ever known a normal year! We have never had it. We have gone to the heights of affluence and the heights of great wealth, we have had prosperity with all of its faults, we have gone to the depths—1914-1946—and I have tried as best I could through every one of these years to hold up my unstained and untorn banner of idealism. Every day some friend says to me these days: "Well, Doctor Bradley, what has become of your one world now? What has become of your idea of world cooperation and world unity? What do you think about it now, Doctor Bradley? You have raised your voice long and loud for Lo! these many years and there is less peace in the world today than you have ever seen, and the prospects for the future are darker, because you have had something handed down to man that was not a part of the scene before, and that something I choose to call the power of God, the power of the cosmos, atomic energy, in the hands of angry men, and jealous men—what about it now, Doctor Bradley?"

All right, what about it? Before I leave you and we part for the summer, I want to leave ringing in your hearts, thundering in your minds what I think of "What about it?" Why! it was for just such an hour that every conception which I had, and have, for brotherhood and peace becomes intensified! I never believed in world peace more than today! I know America can solve its problems! I believe the diplomats and foreign ministers and prime ministers, and all the rest, will be forced out, under the increasing development of public opinion which will wrest them from high office and places of power and authority, unless they can meet the will of the peoples of the world, and *THE WILL OF THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD IS FOR WORLD PEACE!* The peoples of the world are tired and are fed up and there are 12 million dead, and they are hungry, and they are tortured

They are tired of devastation and agony. What an hour!

O, I wish, and don't think this is just vain wishing, I never meant anything more, how I wish I could begin all over again. I wish I were a young preacher of 34 years ago in just this kind of a world, for I am not afraid of its challenge, I am not running away from the problems that are being imposed by intense and vicious nationalists, or men drunk with power, I have seen this all before and I know, as much as I know that I am standing here in this hour, that nothing has happened to the dreams of men! Not a single impulse of truth and beauty and goodness and love and hope and faith has been destroyed! All the wars, all the hate and selfishness and agony and failure and collapse of conferences and commissions, and prime ministers, and presidents, all the incompetency of the world leadership, all the tragedy of little men in big places, *ALL THESE ARE BUT THE SEETHING CALDRON OF CHANGE, AND THE CRIES THAT YOU ARE HEARING NOW, AND THE TORTURED ECHOES THAT COME OUT OF THE PAST, ARE* BUT THE BIRTHPANGS OF A *NEW DAY!* Birth always brings pain, and these are all but the birthpangs of a new day and a new world! I would not leave you in the mood of despair; I would not close this last service and send you out from these beloved doors feeling that there is no hope for the future, that we cannot do it.

Listen to me carefully in these closing moments of this closing service! Let it be my message from my heart to your heart, those to whom I look for encouragement and who have been a constant inspiration to me, to the youth of the Church and congregation, to the aged, to every one of you, remember these closing sentences, think of them long after my voice is not even a memory, for those who speak are quickly forgotten, a generation passes and they are remembered no more, but let these words sink into your lives. *LISTEN! THERE IS A STIRRING IN THE SOULS OF NATIONS! LISTEN! MY WHOLE TRADITIONAL AND HISTORIC IMPERATIVE WHICH I HAVE THUNDERED FROM THIS PULPIT FOR ALL OF THESE YEARS IS BEGINNING TO COME TRUE: WE ARE BEGINNING TO SEE IT! EVIL, EVIL, EVIL MEN, EVIL NATIONS ARE IN A COSMOS WHERE THEIR INHERENT DEFECTIVE QUALITY OF CHARACTER WILL DESTROY THEM! YOU ARE IN A WORLD WHERE GOOD AND GOOD MEN AND GOOD NATIONS FINALLY WILL SURVIVE AND WIN!* Evil is not stronger than good. Evil men are not more powerful than good men. Every evil man standing for evil things and wrong things and war in the councils of the world of any nation *WILL BE DESTROYED!* Any nation that stands in the way of peace and cooperation and integration and world beauty and world peace, *WILL FAIL AND GO DOWN INTO DEFEAT AND DISASTER!* Evil men cannot win in this world, neither can evil nations, neither can evil people. Evil up against a moral integrity of the universe, that is the kind of a cosmos we are in, and every man and every nation that stands in the way is doomed! They are doomed because they are abnormal, they are unreal, "They have their little day but cease to be." That's the kind of a world we are in. And believe me, there is stirring now in the hearts of nations everywhere, everywhere, the reverberations, the faint rumblings. These men are not final,

not absolute; not a single present member of any organization, committee, council, or government of any nation in the world is final, they are all subject to the inexorable laws of God which cannot be abrogated, rescinded or changed! This is still the world based upon fundamental integrity and rightness, and I am more of an idealist today than I have ever been, and I have more faith in my heart than I have ever had before, and more hope in my soul. If I could have the years, the strength and the power, the ideal is there. I hear the subterranean rumblings in every nation! Within five years, five years, remember, within five years you will see and hear new voices, new personalities are being developed, new leadership is coming, it is coming in Japan, it is coming in Germany, it is coming in Austria, it is coming in Spain, in France, *IT IS COMING IN RUSSIA*—it is coming to the world! New leadership, new voices, a new world, and when it breaks humanity will respond in every nation in the world, and my hope and my dream of man creating a world of integrity, integration, of co-operation, is to be realized! Man has stood on the Darien heights, he has seen the beauty of peace and his soul is restless, and his heart is throbbing, and his mind is alert, and the revolution is coming, *THE WORLD REVOLUTION OF LOVE IS COMING! IT WILL BREAK OUT SPONTANEOUSLY IN COUNTRY AFTER COUNTRY, PEOPLE AFTER PEOPLE!* You will wonder what happened! You will get up some morning and wonder what happened! There will be a change in 24 hours, in 48 hours, and you will wonder what happened to the world. *IT IS THE SPIRIT OF GOD HANGING ON TO MAN UNTIL MAN CAN SEE THE POTENTIALITY, THE DIGNITY AND GLORY OF HIS OWN PERSONALITY AND BRING THESE THINGS TO PASS!*

I want to be here to see it. I cannot be a part of it, but I want to see it. I want to live, live to see all this defeatism, all this cynicism, all this despair of people, all this turning your faces toward the soil, the ground, all this hopelessness, hunger, tragedy, heartaches, all these tears . . . God! we have shed enough tears to wash away all of the sins of the earth! I want to see it all, all cleansed by the coming of the spirit that will take possession of the world, and that world will say to every atomic scientist, every exponent of electronic and atomic energy, it will say: "You cannot use this to kill man, you are going to use it to heal man and to help man. We are in control now, not the military, not warmakers, not those who gloat over the superiority of nations and races but we who die and who starve, we come, the people of the world, and the cry will go up until every capital of the world is shaken and that cry will be, *'MAKE WAY, MAKE WAY, WE, THE TERRIBLE MEEK HAVE COME! THE TERRIBLE MEEK HAVE COME!'* They are the ones who overcome the world. Just you wait and see."

A JUBILANT BAZAAR

Never was there such enthusiasm shown over our Annual Church Bazaar. Though this great event occurs each year just before the Christmas season, and one would think it would become an old story perhaps after the

first decade or two, yet each year the Woman's Club, which has long been the backbone of this yearly event, stirs up the fires of enthusiasm throughout the summer by holding luncheons and various get-togethers at private homes, where plans are laid, then materials are distributed, new and captivating patterns are given out, and the first thing we know several dozen aprons are ready, stacks of embroidered towels or pillow slips—yes, pillow slips—even in this year so close to the ending of the war.

Many women have stood in line at 9 o'clock in the morning to perhaps go home with one pair of pillow slips. These are later embroidered by another enthusiastic member of the working crew and thus the pile grows and grows until the booth is trimmed and opened. No doubt the line at the Bazaar will form early at that pillow slip counter.

Mrs. Harry J. Giffing, in charge of the towel booth, held a lovely luncheon at her home early in the summer, when towels were given out and plans were discussed which will insure the success of her booth later on.

Several of the new members of the club have given unbounded support and are exhibiting untiring energy in the Bazaar work, and where could they find a better medium for helping the church of their choice than right in the Bazaar work, perhaps the most important event of the whole year in which every member of every organization and every friend and member of the entire church feels called upon to show his or her loyalty and affection by an active participation:—first, by donating a gift (whether personally made or bought) to the Bazaar, then by attending and of course having dinner in Anderson Hall at least on one of the two nights in question, then by purchasing as many articles as possible (some even buy back their own donations to the Bazaar) and in every way helping to make this an outstanding occasion and one which materially supports the church.

Materials are "loosening up" in the various departments and one of the new members of the club is in a fortunate position for spying the new goods as and when it comes in, so the choice of the lot is being made available for the Bazaar this year. One of the finest ways one can help is by furnishing excellent materials early in the season, leaving plenty of time for them to be worked up into salable articles. The Bazaar is held early in December.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARCTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

AS LIFE develops and matures, the spirit of adventure increases with many of us rather than diminishes, and while we may never have had an opportunity of making any of the great adventures which have been made by great travelers and pioneers, yet we are interested in reading of them and are always thrilled by them.

The history of progress is but the history of adventure. Without adventure there would have been no achievement, no development, no progress. If we were to analyze the motives that prompted discoveries and inventions we should, I think, upon careful analysis, find that the basic motive is that of conquest of the unknown—the unseen. The greatest gift which the universe has given to man has been man's capacity for experimentation. Without this attitude the universe would always have remained unknown. Without it, stars would never have been anything but holes in the sky, through which man could see the glory of that which he could not understand. Without experimentation life would have been a drab, accepted, commonplace affair, man being contented with whatever strata he found himself in, abiding patiently by whatever offering was extended to him. But the spirit of adventure has swept all that aside, and man, revitalized, re-valued, looks at the world and all there is in it, not in terms of accepted limitation, but as a great opportunity to which he can bring his intellectual, his emotional, his esthetic powers, his world of utility, his world of social significance; and into that world build and grow. If it were not for this spirit of adventure, we would find ourselves still in a prehistoric era.

There are many timid people in the world; people who are always afraid and frightened of every adventure. Life appears such a huge, complicated and intricate thing, that in its presence there is a tendency to submit rather than to challenge life. Such people are content to float upon the river of time and always with the stream—never against it. They make no resistance whatever against the current. Nothing in this world of any value has ever been accomplished without effort and without overcoming resistance. That is the only way in which people become strong in any particular. The

people who follow the least resistance and always do the easy thing first, who always procrastinate, are people whose lives are always in difficulty. Learning to do first things first is one of the principal attitudes which develops strength of character. The great challenge of source and origin is one that must be met. We cannot merely accept things. Life is not what we find it; it is what we make it; and it is not what life does to us which matters; it is what we do to life. Many a person is so interested in making a living that he has lost all appreciation of making a life. These two are not synonymous by any means. A spirit of adventure brought to the physical universe has revolutionized that universe and our relations to it. Great discoveries have led to great inventions. Man has gone to the impenetrable darkness and mysteries of nature and has wrested from them their secrets. Man can press a button and light a continent; he can whisper and be heard around the world. He has annihilated space and levelled mountains in his conquest of the barriers of communication and power. Man has been tremendously and successfully at work in this spirit of adventure and conquest and it does seem to me that it is logical to deduce that, when he has revealed such ability as all this determines, he can at some time along the way use that same intellectual ability in finding a way by which the greatest achievement of all time might be a realization—the art of living together in peace, contentment and happiness.

I do not entertain a pessimistic attitude toward our future. The weakness lies not in the pattern, but with us, the workmen, whose task it is to fashion human progress. I believe with all my heart and soul that the potentiality is here; that the ultimate victories of the world belong not to the strong, but to those who can develop a technique of bringing into effectiveness man's latent powers for honesty and integrity in living. That this power is latent cannot be denied. The mere fact that ideals exist at all is evidence that they exist as a possibility of realization. Ideals are not mockeries, and dreams are not nightmares.

I cannot understand why there are so many people these days developing a philosophy of pessimism that man cannot solve his problems nor overcome his difficulties. This I refute with my whole being. We must be realists and keep our feet on the earth, but it is also good to keep our faces toward the stars. There is nothing final, yet the world is full of people who, in the presence of some disastrous experience accept the verdict of that experience as a finality, which immediately closes the doors of greater adventure and greater opportunity. The man who says it cannot be done is usually pushed aside by the man who is doing it.

Every great advance made in the history of the human race has been made in the face of discouragement and reactions from people who oppose it. Every great truth which has been of value to civilization has had to fight its way into acceptance. Life is never easy and was never meant to be. The only real happiness in the world is the happiness of overcoming. The trail and the pathfinders, these are the men who have set the pace for us, and not the complainers and the cynics and the cry-babies who seem to think that life is all pre-determined and there is nothing we can do about it. It is not necessary to accept that which mutilates and destroys our own finest and highest selves, and it requires an adventuresome spirit and a pioneer character to face life on these terms, and yet if we could all develop that tech-

nique, we would find the compensations to be so great that life would take on an added distinction and a renewal of its charm. There is nothing more beautiful in this world than attempting to express ourselves and to live life on the high plateaus of adventure and courage. Let us utilize every experience, everything which happens — to the enrichment and the unfoldment of our inner selves, for life was made for victory and not for defeat.

GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE

"LIFE is always a co-operative institution. While there is a great philosophy of individualism which never can be discarded neither can it be denied, nevertheless the fact of the matter remains that most of us, in fact all of us who are in society, are compelled to get along in life with our fellowmen. Every day and every hour almost of our conscious moments we are at the business of meeting people. We are in contact with people and people are influencing us and we are influencing people. That is perfectly axiomatic, and life somehow depends upon our own individual ability to develop its very finest expression, and when this question of being a part of people, getting along with people is so definitely associated with the success of life itself, it seems to me that we can talk a little bit about it to our mutual advantage.

"Now, Paul said this: 'No man liveth unto himself alone,' centuries before Dr. Einstein had suggested the existence of a similar law, the law of relativity in the field of the cosmic sweep and scope of the universe itself. There is no such thing in this world as utter isolation. Every individual is a part not only of the whole cosmic scheme of things, but he is also a part of every other life expression. There is not a remote possibility even of any individual completely severing himself from having something called 'influence' and there is not a possibility of any individual not being influenced. There is no such thing as any of us living this life in a solitary cell of confinement; just as long as we live we will have influence, every one of us, and it is only a matter of degree and not a matter of basic structure itself.

"Don't stand in your own light. There are millions of people who are not developing, who are getting nowhere, who are not achieving that which is predicated by their ability. They are not straightening out life, they are always in turmoil, they are disturbed and confused, always upset, complaining, finding fault, impugning motives, always supercritical and hypercritical, always all of these things. What are they doing? Standing in their own light, they are making a shadow across their own potentiality, they are in the way of their own unfoldment, their own self-realization. No person can ever be a success in any profession, business or contact with life anywhere until they are first a success with themselves. The first place for building a successful life is building a successful life WITHIN your own life, and one of the big obstacles that people don't seem to be able to overcome in this connection is their inability to get along with other people first.

"I don't know of an example of a solitary person whom I would call a success, now I mean a normal success,

I don't mean any phenomenal, unusual, or strikingly dramatic individual, but an individual who keeps his debts paid, holds his position, educates his family, let us say the average person who has made a success of life, who has looked forward to his old age with a sense of security, and feels that he has rather definitely arrived, not with a brass band or great dramaturgics, but that he is a success, I don't know such a preacher, such a physician, such a lawyer, such a manufacturer, such a distributor, such a laborer, whatever he might be, I don't know a single example of an individual who has been that kind of a success who did not possess the art of getting along with people.

"On the contrary I can tell you of quite a number of people whom I have known who were quite successful and life went along pretty well with them but whose disintegration and grip started to slip and who had to let go because of their inability to adjust themselves harmoniously with other people. I don't want to be misunderstood! There are many victims, thousands of them, men and women who have failed in life through no fault of their own, men and women who have lost millions through no fault of their own. Please understand me, I am speaking of those cases where the loss need not have occurred but did through a fault of oneself, which is quite another matter, and I know a great many of those, a great many of them.

"Now, what are one or two simple little things? There is nothing profound about it. What is this difference in people? You remember some evening, sitting at home and perhaps you are just closing up dinner and there's nobody there but the family, which is quite a rare thing these days, for the art of dining, like the art of conversation is being lost. Nobody has time for it any more. Letter writing, visiting, conversation, all these fine arts are rapidly passing these days. Nobody has time to sit down any more for a good old-fashioned visit on a Sunday afternoon, to sit down with the family before the friendly fire and just have a good visit, not gossip. There is a vast difference between gossiping and visiting. The fine art of conversation is dying, the art of letter writing is gone, and the fine art of just being silent, that is past too. All these lovely arts are going.

"One of the first things it seems for a person to get along with people and to be known as a person who can get along with people, is to try and meet people a little nearer their own level. I try it every day of my life and every week of my life. I am so grateful for the friends I have among all who are engaged in almost all kinds of activity. I shall never forget, sometimes 15 or 20 of the street workers, when I lived on Bryn Mawr Avenue, with whom on Monday morning I would stop and talk. One of them just waited for my visit, he was not a member of this church, he was a Roman Catholic, but we would meet there and talk about all sorts of things, and it was always a delight for me to see the expression of his face when I would greet him. I have men handing out newspapers at the street corners, three of them near my home today, with whom I would not miss the opportunity I have to stop and be a human being, particularly one man who, due to facial paralysis, has difficulty in talking, but I stop to buy a paper and talk to him for a moment or two, and when he sees me coming he says: 'Dr. Bradley, I would rather see you come along than any man I know.'

"What does that mean to me? It does not cost me anything but that

man is my friend. When I think of my people some of whom are in occupations that a great many people look down upon and seem to think are beneath them—I never like people who give the impression that they are better or above anybody else because of what some people have to do to make a living and to live. There is no dishonorable work when it is work performed that is necessary to the advantage and well-being of society. I would not trade my friendships with my Pullman car porters, my dining car friends, the friends I have all over this country because I have time for them. It does not cost me anything except the recognition that underneath, all are still brothers.

"Why, of course, you will never get along with people, never in the world, as long as you try to dominate other people. Take some of the employers I know. Every man and woman working for them would just work themselves to the limit for them. Who are they? Why, I know men in this city who are employers of labor and clerical help in their institutions and factories and offices and every last person on their staff is for them a hundred per cent, and you no more than open the door before you sense loyalty, it just oozes out from every corner and crevice of their office and factory. You walk in and it is there, and I tried to analyze every one of a half dozen men whom I have in mind now and what did I discover? I discovered that their individual attitude toward everybody in their employ was that it is honorable to be engaged in an honorable profession, and that each individual was given just as much latitude as that individual could possibly be given. That means that each individual would be left as much alone to follow his own initiative in his work as it was possible to do, and that is something a lot of employers have not learned: that the value of a man who works for you is how far you can trust that individual to do something without being told or authorized or ordered to do it, and the places that have built up great unity of work have been places like that.

"Secondly, and I think perhaps this is most important, and you make the application. I know one executive of a great institution in this city, and every man and woman in that place worships him. While he is a busy executive he finds time to stop occasionally at a desk and at a typewriter and over at your office and at your counter and say: 'You are doing a great job, Bill.' 'Why, Mary, you are doing wonderful work.' He finds time to compliment work well done and does not depend upon a pay check being the whole reward.

"Many housewives who think they have the best maid in the world and the finest cook,—How long has it been since you told her so? I can hear some housewife say: 'O, my dear, she might want a raise if I tell her how good she is!' Well, perhaps that would help too, I would not let that stand in the way.

"Do you see what I mean? Do you want to be really liked? Well, in the first place, stop criticizing everything and everybody. The most irritating and disgusting person to me is the perpetual critic and I have never known one who was well liked. Maybe you have, but I never have. Let's try for a week not to make a criticism of anything or anybody, but be positive. You have to stop criticizing if you want to be well liked, and we have got to get a little evidence of appreciation. People just like the idea that you appreciate them." P. B.

BOOK CHATS

I AM going to open this Book Chat by talking about a *must* book, and of course by "must" I mean a book that ought to be read by us all. It is rather pitiful that most of the opinions being formed today in regard to international relations are the result of loose reading and superficial information on the part of a great many people. The result of this is to add confusion to confusion and does not help to clarify issues or to straighten out our thinking, and so I bring to your attention a book entitled "THIS HOUSE AGAINST THIS HOUSE," a book written by Vincent Sheean.

The moment I mention Vincent Sheean I know many of you will be interested, for Vincent Sheean has been doing some of the finest and the most careful and instructive writing that has been done in these last few years with the whole world as his background. John Gunther says that this book is his best book since "Personal History," and nothing in the past ten years quite rivals it for a detached maturity of view. Vincent Sheean is not one of those writers of the contemporary scene who turns out books like a baker turns out doughnuts. This is his first book in three years and is timed right up to the present minute. In all of these three years since his last book, Mr. Sheean has been very much a part of the events which he portrays. His new book is an eye witness report of history in the making by one of the truly great journalists of our day, and I use the word journalist instead of reporter or even correspondent. There is a world of difference. In the years since the book "Between the Thunder and the Sun," Vincent Sheean has been on two major war fronts as an army air officer, and in three countries as a war correspondent. He took part in the North African and Italian invasions, and here, magnificently told, is what he did, what he saw and what he thought during the three momentous years between the invasion of North Africa and the San Francisco conference.

The story begins at Versailles, where every story connected with the present world scene must begin—at Versailles, as the treaty is being signed, and carries straight through until it ends with the meeting of the United Nations at the Palace Hotel. These two meetings, twenty-seven years apart, point up a strange fact: that though Russia wasn't even present at the first, she was one of the two most powerful nations at San Francisco. The other nation—and there was no other nation there more powerful—was the United States. The emergence of these two powers as the mightiest of the earth, with all that that implies and threatens explains the book's title. I think most careful and thoughtful observers would not disagree that there is much loose talk about the future of the British Empire and our lack of a foreign policy. There are some who say that unless we help Great Britain hold her empire together, Russia will surely overwhelm and engulf us all. Vincent Sheean has been all over Europe and has met all kinds of people. In his observance and contacts with people, he has kept his eyes and his ears open in order that when his time should come for interpretation of the international scene it could be done with a validity and a completeness that would make his book

authoritative and illuminating. He has had time to see what is going on, and his powers of observation and analysis enable him to understand the significance of what is happening. This makes him valuable and his books necessary at a moment when there is so much confusion and chaos in regard to what is going on, what it all portends for the future and the part which the United States will play in that future. It is a complete and honest report of what he has learned and what he has discovered, and it will help you as it helped me to clarify my own thinking on these current confusions.

It becomes increasingly clear I think to us all that we must, before we become too opinionated and too dogmatic about any of these problems, be sure that our sources of information are correct, and that we know what we are talking about. Any political or economic observer could have predicted, and of course, as Robert Neville says, many of them did, that the one tremendous result of the war would be the emergence of Russia and the United States as the two great world powers. This, to most observers, seemed inevitable. Twenty-five years ago there were sufficiently yonder-minded observers of the world scene to indicate that finally that would be the situation. That this would be the inevitable result was foreseen by most acute students, but that either the United States or Russia would develop as quickly as they did into these powerful nations was a surprise to everyone. Mr. Sheean very clearly points out that at San Francisco the nations which had governed the world for the last thousand years could impose nothing, could scarcely even compel a hearing, were expected to be seen and not heard. Here indeed was the biggest change in political world relations since the fall of the Roman empire. All of this means, perhaps, an entirely new approach to the difficult problem of maintaining amicable relations with Russia, and one which will require a careful study of the psychology of the country, its people and its leadership.

Books by foreign correspondents are far from being our most popular reading at the moment, but this book is so important that I hope it will not suffer from the present attitude of the reading public toward books by correspondents. It is an important book and some of the finest literary and book critics in this country have said without qualification or hesitation, that Vincent Sheean's "This House Against This House" is the best book to come out of this war. For this reason I have brought this book to your attention and urge you to read it.

* * *

Poetry is one of the indispensable things of my life, and now I am going to talk about a book of poems published on the 19th of last March and containing some of the most beautiful poems I have ever read. There is an added interest in this book because the author is a resident of our metropolitan area, and many of you have read her poems in the Line O' Type, for Mr. Charles Collins, the distinguished conductor of that column has printed frequently her gems of poetic beauty. Adelaide Love is the poet and her latest book is entitled "The Star and The Leaf."

Adelaide Love was an accomplished singer before she entered upon her literary career. She was born in Massachusetts and was graduated from Smith College where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Soon after, she married and now lives in Evanston, Illinois, with her husband and her 19-year-old daughter who, by the way, has already published a number of poems which indicate literary excellency. Mrs. Love

has found in the affection, companionship and quiet beauty of her home inspiration for poems of universal appeal and understanding. Her poems sing of the rich, full life she has led, not as a colorful, erratic poet against the background of a pseudo Bohemianism, but with all the beautiful, quiet strength and charm of the background of her life as a wife and as a mother. Dodd, Mead & Company, who published her poems, said they were happy to bring out a new volume of the verse of Adelaide Love; and in this book many new poems are combined to form a collection that retains the delicacy and grace, the sensitive appeal of her earlier books, while achieving greater precision and strength. Many of the finest literary critics and authoritative interpreters of great poetry have spoken enthusiastically about her work. She occupies a very high position indeed, among American lyrists.

Her book of poems she divides into five divisions; the first group she calls "Somewhere Is His Home"; the second, "Under the Night"; the third, "Remember Women"; the fourth, "The Hunger and the Bread"; and the fifth, "Along Whatever Path." I am going to choose a poem from each of the divisions of the book and give it to you without comment or interpretation, for a great poem needs no comment. It stands on its own truth and beauty. The first poem is the one which gives the book its title: "The Star and the Leaf":

"Watching a rising star in the autumn darkness,
Marking it graze a roof and slowly climb,
Suddenly a single leaf on a treetop
Hid the golden world from me for a time.

"How small a thing to obscure so vast a brightness!
For all that the star shown forth in a moment more,
A trifle had screened from my eyes a great resplendence.
But this, alas, has happened to me before."

And here is a four-line verse which she calls "By Halves":

"When we are young, against our will
We learn from age a half of truth;
Then, being old, resignedly
We learn the other half from youth."

And here's one for us city dwellers which she calls "Church Bells at Evening":

"Church bells at evening wafted far
To one who stands upon a hill
And gazes toward the sunset spire
Through distance luminous and still,

"Are as a seal of peace upon
His heart, a laying of God's hand
Upon him in the evening glow
Above the quiet land."

And in the second division, which is called "Under the Night," we find this lovely poem which she entitled "For Our Lads of Eighteen":

"We gave you such a short while since
The boyish things you used to love—
The hockey skates, the football suit,
The plane to build, the boxing glove.

"Then suddenly our manner changed.
(It happened almost in a breath.)
We took your toys away from you
And made you play with death."

And after reading a newspaper dispatch which said "All except two planes returned safely to their base," she wrote this poem which she calls "Of Those Four Wings":

"A thousand valiant painted birds
Wing safely back to home;
A thousand birds will fly again
Across white lanes of foam

"To dart against an alien blue
And drop strange plumes of flame.
I only think of those four wings
Which death contrived to tame."

In her classification which she calls "Remember Women," she gives us this which she calls "The Calm Blue Country":

"I hold your face between my hands
And for a lovely moment leave behind
The lands I know,
The restless dominions,
And lose myself in the calm blue country
Of your eyes.

"Yet though I wander freely,
Never, O little child, may I reach
The morning meadows of your soul,
The deep, mysterious forests of your being.
I grope through stainless light;
I am lost in the calm blue country."

And another, "Refractions":

"A rainbow is the lovely token
When a beam of light is broken;
And I have seen like beauty start
From the breaking of a heart."

And now I turn to the fourth classification, which she calls "The Hunger and the Bread," to an unusual interpretation which she calls "Happier Mortal":

"With slanting moonlight for my lamp
I looked upon you as you slept,
And saw the bright Olympian stamp
And knew the secret you had kept.

"But happily from those white beams
No telltale burning drop could spill;
You did not waken from your dreams,
And O, I have you still."

And the closing selection I take from the final division, in which she has placed her poems, and which is called "Along Whatever Path." I am giving you the closing poem in the book: ("Hymn For All:")

"A God whom all men dream yet none may know,
If You are but the great creative force
Which pulls all things to life that they may go
Their ways upon an indeterminate course
Fortuitously shaped, if You arrange
No scheme in spite of Your exhaustless might,
All awe, all awe and praise to You, O strange,
Inestimable source of life and light.

"But if, the conscious lover of all things
As well as maker, You direct from hour
To hour their destinies, if Your care brings
The fawn to shelter from the thunder shower,
If flight-worn swallows strengthen at Your nod,
Behold man's plight this day and save, O God!"

* * *

There are two men in America who, in my opinion are doing the most in their respective places to help people who are having a difficult time with life. They are Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of New York, and Dr. James Gordon Gilkey, of Springfield, Massachusetts. You may recall that shortly after it was published, on a Wednesday night broadcast, I talked about Dr. Fosdick's great book entitled "It's a Great Time to Be Alive." I had many letters from listeners who read Dr. Fosdick's book after I spoke about it, and all claimed it as a turning point in their own lives. And then, last Fall, Dr. James Gordon Gilkey gave us a book along similar lines, but somewhat more personal, entitled "When Life Gets Hard," which book I also spoke about. I always try to be as helpful and inspirational as possible, and so I felt there was nothing I could mention

in these Book Chats which would be more truly helpful than this book—"When Life Gets Hard." Dr. Gilkey, minister of the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., is the regular speaker at many of the schools, colleges and universities throughout the East; is a graduate of Harvard and of Union Theological Seminary of New York City, with a Doctor's Degree from Colgate College, the University of Vermont and the American International College of Springfield, and holds a degree in literature from Marietta College in Ohio. I would like to have you recall that Dr. Gilkey's home is in Springfield, where the finest working experiment in inter-racial and inter-faith living is being successfully operated, called "The Springfield Plan." I know that much of the work Dr. Gilkey has done for the people of Springfield has had tremendous influence in the execution and operation of "The Springfield Plan." His great church has the largest morning congregation in all New England, and through the Olivet Community House the church maintains an elaborate program of institutional work in which many of the welfare agencies of the city take part. Since the program at the Community House was started in April, 1920, total attendance there has been more than 3,280,000. Year after year, forty different welfare activities have been carried on at the community house, directed by a large staff of paid and volunteer workers. Dr. Gilkey is the author of fourteen books, all published by The Macmillan Company. If you do not know him or his books, I know you will be grateful for my calling your attention to them. Think of some of these for titles: "A Faith For a New Generation"—"Managing One's Self"—"Meeting the Challenge of Modern Doubt"—"Secrets of Effective Living"—"Solving Life's Everyday Problems"—"What Can We Believe?"—"You Can Master Life"—"A Faith to Affirm"—"How to Do Your Best"—and so on; and now the book under discussion—"When Life Gets Hard."

In dealing with this type of book, which in the literary field is classified as inspirational, I would impress you with the fact that it is not to be compared or thought of in the same category as so many of the so-called "How to be successful" books that are a smattering of pseudo-psychology and emotional thinking, sometimes so highly speculative and theoretical as to be of little value—the kind of book that talks about performing a miracle or some sort of magic, so that all at once the problems are solved and the difficulties over. There is no easy road to the achievement of that quality of life which can be called triumphant and victorious. But the steps are pointed out and the way is clearly marked for the individual utilizing those forces and influences which are available and which will help straighten out and adjust life. In other words, I could apply a much over-worked word, but one which is nevertheless adequate to convey what I mean, in the word "realistic."

"Dr. Gilkey approaches these problems realistically and does not accept the idea that merely denying the existence of a problem is a solution. How much *reality* we give to a problem or to the difficulty is, of course, quite another matter. Never before in all time have so many people had so much trouble to face, or such distressing and terrifying problems. Dr. Gilkey's book "When Life Gets Hard," was written with this strange and difficult situation always in mind. And this stimulating book suggests ways by which the ordinary person can manage the burdens which the war years laid upon us all, burdens which these post-

war years will continue to bring, though we hope in an ever-lessening degree. Across my study desk there come every day many letters, many communications, many experiences which people are having, which touch into vibration the strings of my heart and which make me feel "Oh, if I could only say something or do something that would be the beginning of the way out for the many troubled and burden-wearied and anxious lives." One of the things I can do and one of the things I propose to do is to bring to your attention in this opportunity of these Book Chats, books which are so authoritatively written by understanding men and women, that knowing these books will help individuals to meet the challenge, and to face the unknown future. There are only 138 pages to the book, and Dr. Gilkey's direct, simple style make it what we sometimes call "easy reading" but every paragraph and every sentence is filled with inspiration and encouragement. Dr. Gilkey says himself of the book, "I hope those who read these chapters will remember that they aim to be practical and helpful rather than academic. That is why the chapters are relatively short, why the language is simple rather than technical, why the sentences are addressed directly to the reader. I have not tried to discuss at arm's length and in impersonal fashion these desperately real problems in daily living. Rather I have imagined I was talking face to face with someone who had encountered one of the problems and had come to discuss it with me. Such an individual would want more than a description of his difficulties. He would also want help in handling them. Such help I have here tried to give." There are twelve chapters. Here their titles: "When Your Faith Falters"—"When You Need Inward Quietness"—"When You Face Uncertainty"—"When You Have Too Much To Do"—"When You Need Strength to Carry On"—"When You Must Spend Your Life Doing Little Things"—"When You Must Make Adjustments"—"When You Must Master Fatigue"—"When You Meet a Permanent Frustration"—"When Death Takes Someone You Love"—"When You Wonder What God Is Doing In Your Life"—"When You Reach the End of Your Resources." This brings me to the end of my chat and it never could have been better spent than in introducing all of you to Dr. Gilkey's great little book—"When Life Gets Hard."

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

Black Duck Island
Lake Vermilion

Dear Friends:

The most important thing about August is that it not only is the last month of summer, but it brings on the eighteenth Dr. Bradley's birthday which is always a fete day on the island with much planning, secrets whispered behind his back, and careful watch o

the mails that he does not get hold of a package or a birthday card until the special day arrives. We do everything we can think of to make his natal day a happy one..

Father Time has sprinted through this month with unmerciful haste. No sooner had August presented the first day till with a jump it was the eighteenth—and now drawing quickly to an end, and summer is over! The garden shows evidence of cold nights and short sunny days. Pansies like cool weather, as do tiger lilies and zinnies, and flaunt their brilliant colors gaily. We have enjoyed this season some novelty roses called "Nearly Wild"—they are the shape of wild roses only larger, the loveliest shade of pink imaginable, lasting a number of days on the bush or in water, and bloom all summer. They are a delight! Many of the birds have bid us good-bye, all of the tree swallows have vacated their houses, and some others also have left. We miss them so much, and the island seems very quiet. A few days ago Dr. Bradley was sitting on the ground reading, in a nook near the water's edge, when he was startled by a splashing noise like an animal in the water. He crept quietly along till just around a point he saw a flock of ducks, about thirty young ones and several old ones, apparently having a good time sitting on the water (as they seem to), flapping their wings, splashing water up into the air and all over them like children do, and some turning upside down —head first under water. The youngsters may have been receiving lessons from their elders—one never knows. Just then our little dog sensed excitement and ran down barking, seeing the ducks he jumped right into the lake and away went the ducks, scurrying over the surface of the water at great speed to a small nearby island where they often take refuge for the night among the rocks. Another sign of approaching autumn! All of which makes us realize we too will be leaving behind our play days very soon and turning cityward to face the busy winter season. We are very grateful for the summer's rest—for the sunshine and the cloudy days—for the blue sky and starlit nights, the sunsets and long twilights, the bird songs and flowers, the sweet pine and flower scented air, and the quiet velvet darkness of restful nights. We will store all this away to think about when winter comes!

And now—the Mail-bag. The following letter from a woman of such obviously beautiful character I want to share it with you, and also give you her poem holding such fine thoughts, helpful to those who also are shut-in.

"Dear Friend: I call you FRIEND because your broadcasts bring me friendliness and real companionship.

"And I must admit that I can absorb all the companionship I encounter, for I am a shut-in invalid woman, fifty-nine years old; have spent the past twenty-five years in wheelchair and rocker.

"Since I have been denied the great blessing of physical activity it has been necessary for me to concentrate upon the richness of the spiritual and mental realms of action. These realms can not be circumscribed nor destroyed by mere physical handicap.

"During the shut-in years I have found pleasure and entertainment in the composition of poems which I share with friends and a few periodicals. And have had the great pleasure of contributing poems to four of TONY's Scrap Books.

"It is my purpose to send out good thoughts. A good thought expressed verbally or in a writing is never lost, but may even bless many humans who hunger for truth.

"I am certain that your radio programs do bless countless hungry ones. And I sincerely thank you for all the GOOD you thus diffuse. I hope there will be many more of those good programs. Sincerely, Mrs. Marie Taggart Keith."

This is Mrs. Keith's poem which she so kindly sent:

SHUT-IN

What do I care that the lights are bright
Down in the town where I may not walk?
Why should I pine that I may not mix
With throngs who excitedly laugh and talk?
Why should I grieve that I may not go
Riding on highways which lead afar?
Why should I mourn that life's tide has left
My ship of sense on a sandreef bar?

Here where I'm sitting are jewels piled
Right where my fingers their essence hold;
Here I may reach for a precious gem
Brighter than any the world can mold.
Here are God's angels which He sends forth,
His thoughts that are passing from Him to me,
Brightly illumining my darkest night,
Filling the NOW of eternity.

* * *

Another fine letter comes to my hand, of encouragement to the handicapped:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed your six o'clock broadcasts over WGN. They have been beneficial and very interesting.

"My advice to the lame boy you spoke about would be to ignore the public, go about his way as if he were the only person in sight. I am speaking from experience as I have been lame for many years. At first when I was learning to get around and face the stares of the public I was so distressed I gave up and never left home if I could avoid it for ten years. Then I figured it was harder on me to be lame than it was for them to feel so much pity. So now I go as I please, and a boy that is lame because he was fighting for us should feel so far above those who stare he cannot even see that low.

"When you had a girl on your broadcast that told of the organization that helps crippled children I sent three dollars to their address. Later someone told me they send out stamps. I never even got a reply. I do not want the stamps, nor thanks, but would have liked to know it was received by the organization, as it had a return address on it but did not come back.

"Happy and restful vacation to you. —Mrs. Calvert."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McQueen, of Milton, Wisconsin, sent this letter of appreciation:

"Dear Friend: I'm sure you are our friend for you talk in such a sincere manner to us, many times a week; and you may well believe we are some of your most faithful listeners and ardent admirers. Your views on most subjects are our views—only you have the power of making them articulate, and we listen, and breathe a loud amen. As Ernie Pyle spoke for the doughboy, you talk for a multitude of clear thinking common people. Thanks for everything."

* * *

The next Liberalist will be compiled in our Chicago study—so until then I bid you good-bye, with the hope you have spent a pleasant and healthful summer and that you will soon write us again. Do be present at the opening service of church if at all possible. And—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

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Heg, Winslow
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Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
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Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
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Mostek, Raymond
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Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
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Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
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*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
Shoberg, J. Bryant
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*Tinling, H. John
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Walker, Leslie J.
Walska, Charles
Walters, William James
Weeger, Robert
Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
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Wesche, Orville
White, George A.
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Wilkins, E. J.
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Williams, Arthur J.
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PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)
Opening Service, September 15th ..... 11:00 to 12:30

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall
Opening Service, September 15th ..... 9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not broadcast)
November 3rd through Easter ..... 7:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
November 6th through Holy Week ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium ..... 7:30 p.m.

VARIOUS CLUBS OF THE CHURCH—Hold regular meetings.
October through May:—

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting every two weeks in Anderson Hall) ..... 1:00 p.m.
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Cor. Sec., 1252 Glenlake Ave.,
Chicago 40—Briargate 5308. Summer events on notice.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB ..... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting every first and third Monday in Anderson Hall).
Miss Grace Rozanski, Cor. Sec., 1434 Thome Ave.,
Chicago 40—Briargate 6914. Summer events on notice.

MEN'S CLUB (Meetings every fourth Monday in Anderson Hall) .... 8:00 p.m.
Earl S. Neindorf, Sec., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267.

USHERS' CLUB (Meeting first Tuesday each month in Anderson Hall).
Karl H. Lemke, Sec., 3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Bittersweet 3764.

PRESTON BRADLEY VETERANS ORGANIZATION ..... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting every other Wednesday in Bradley Hall).
Rosalie M. Carlton, Adj , 4528 N. Winchester Ave.,
Edgewater 4285.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB .... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting on notice). Miss Mary Nordstrom, Sec.-Treas.,
7737 W. Hortense (31)—Newcastle 7185.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL ..... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting second Monday of each month, Anderson Hall).
Earl S. Neindorf, Pres., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267.

THE CHOIR—(Meets every Thursday evening for practice; social meetings on notice).
Henry D. Ferguson, Pres., 2617 W. Berwyn Ave. (25) Sun. 2582.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director;
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1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. Register now for Fall classes.
"Arsenic and Old Lace" opening in October at Eighth Street Theatre.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service
(Beginning September 15th, 35th Season) ..... 11 to 12:30

WLS (on NBC network to 200 stations) beginning September 16th
"Hymns of All Churches" Program ..... 10:30 a.m.

WGN—Beginning September 16th, Monday through Friday ..... 6:00 p.m.

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